

The Sun

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1913.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as Second Class Mail Matter.

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.

DAILY, Per Month..... \$6 00
DAILY, Per Year..... 60 00
SUNDAY, Per Year..... 2 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year..... 62 50
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month..... 5 25
THE EVENING SUN, Per Month..... 2 50
THE EVENING SUN, Per Year..... 25 00

Postage to foreign countries added.
All checks, money orders, etc., to be made payable to THE SUN.

Published daily, including Sunday, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association, at 10 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President and Treasurer, William C. Heick, 170 Nassau street; Vice-President, Edward P. Mitchell, 170 Nassau street; Secretary, C. E. Luxton, 170 Nassau street.

London office, 11th Avenue House, 1 Arundel street, Strand.
Paris office, 4 rue de la Michodière, off Rue du Quatre Septembre.
Washington office, 1115 Building.
Brooklyn office, 105 Livingston street.

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The President as a Practical Man.

It is not surprising that the Democrats are creating offices for themselves by attaching riders to every important piece of legislation which they put on the statute book. In his first months of office President Wilson did almost nothing to reward the politicians of his party. He gave no attention to patronage and to all appearances he was profoundly indifferent to it as a means of keeping on good terms with his supporters. He let it be understood that the President of the United States could not bother with the distribution of offices. Yet the tariff was to be revised and it was essential that the spoils appetite of the party should be satisfied—otherwise the legislative machinery would not run smoothly. It did run smoothly, to the amazement of everybody who knew how hungry for office the Democrats were.

Prophets who said that the Democratic protectionists would rebel in the House and resist the Underwood bill in the Senate to suit themselves were confounded. Nothing of the kind happened. Mr. Wilson's ascendancy was complete; he moulded the majority to his purpose; at least such was the popular impression. Nevertheless, a provision in the tariff bill exempted income tax collectors from the civil service rules; a similar liberty was taken with the general deficiency appropriation bill; and what was of more sinister aspect, the spoils system was grafted upon the momentous bill to reform the currency. In each case the legislation was of such importance that the use of the veto to please such organizations as the National Civil Service Reform League might be construed as a sacrifice of the public interest.

It is true that the President could have put his foot down and sternly forbidden looting of the public service, but the majority was making a record of performance for his Administration. Tariff revision and currency reform of forced in a few short months after inauguration, what a magnificent spectacle! Violation of the civil service rules, dear as they were to Mr. Wilson's heart at other times, was a small matter by comparison. And then Congress was to blame, not he! Everybody must know how indifferent he was to patronage and how lightly he thought of it as a campaign advantage.

Moralist, sentimentalist, idealist as Mr. Wilson is, withal he is one of the most practical of our public men. So much so that the proprieties would not be outraged if he were accounted a very clever politician, however unconscious he may be of the distinction.

The Protest of the London "Bohobies."

Public sentiment in England, we imagine, is on the side of the London "bohobies" who are expressing dissatisfaction with their present rate of pay, even though the British taxpayer will be required to dial into his pockets to meet their requests. Certainly \$6.50 a week seems a very moderate scale of remuneration for the efficient, courteous and obliging public servant that every visitor to London knows the metropolitan policeman to be. His duties are multifarious and his responsibilities heavy. At the same time that he directs a bewildering maze of traffic he gives clear and courteous information to the stranger within his gates who has found himself temporarily lost, and a minute later his authoritative hand has halted "the double file of charlies" while he esquires an elderly lady safely across the street. Recently the responsibilities of this patient and somewhat overworked official have been increased threefold by the activities of the militiamen. Small wonder that he finds \$6.50 a week somewhat inadequate recompense for enduring the buffeting of SYLVIA's outrageous army.

His protest at the mass meeting in Trafalgar Square on Sunday seems to have been on a par with his ordinary behavior, exhibiting dignity and restraint and an appreciation of the duties expected of him. Regret was expressed that organized labor hated the police on account of the fact that the police were frequently used to defend the employers of labor, but at the same time a warning was uttered to organized labor against entertaining the idea that "the policeman's union would be a force which the workers can use to fight the master class." Impartially, it was stated, and the serving of the community as a whole, was the duty of the police force.

If Londoners appreciate when they are well off they will recognize the justice of the policeman's complaint and

will pay him wages that will remove him further from the temptation to corruption than to do him justice, he usually resists even as things are. The \$328 which is a London policeman's annual salary compares somewhat unfavorably with the \$1,000 on which the patrolman of New York starts his career in the police force.

The Operatic Supply.

It is not surprising to hear that the course of the present season has not been smooth for the Montreal Opera Company. This is one of the organizations that are seeking to establish a public in the smaller cities for permanent operatic performances. It is said to have accomplished its purpose in a satisfactory manner when only the artistic phase of its achievements is taken into consideration. Whether or not there was created sufficient taste for opera to make the enterprise permanent seems less certain.

It could not, moreover, struggle against the limitations placed on its activity by the ecclesiastical authorities. To have two of the most popular works in the repertory banned by the highest church dignitary is not helpful to the career of an opera company. But the Archbishop of Montreal did not believe that either "Thais" or "Louise" was suited to the morals of his Province, on the ground that one showed a monk under plain demoralizing influences, while the other dealt with what was described in the prohibition as "free love." The two popular works were forbidden, the straw added its unsupportable weight to the camel's already overstrained back and the financial struggles of the organization proved too great. Such a privation would have time to contemplate with equanimity the prospect of \$1,500,000 profit, in spite of their devotion to purity and the public good.

But there is consolation for other directors and managers in the impending extension of the operatic repertory. Chicago is soon to hear "Parisian." It will be performed there before European cities hear the work. There is no more talk of the rape of the Grail since WAGNER's "sacred dedication play" as the German phrase has been awkwardly translated, perhaps because it could be done in no other form, is now the property of an impresario who cares to give the work. Then there are other classics which have been released from the rigors of copyright by the passage of time.

It is surprising to our public to hear that "Martha" is now accessible without royalties to any German opera house. Who had ever supposed that Elton's opera, always described as "unfathomable" when operatic works were still ticketed by press agents, was ever forbidden anywhere? It was a mainstay of our opera in the vernacular years. Then "Stradella" may be had after next week for the asking. It seems doubtful to all who witnessed its revival at the Metropolitan Opera House a few years ago that it will be asked for. After the New Year the opera of SYLVIA will also be in the same class.

The Forbidden Chamber of Sullivan County.

The story of the woman who lay hidden for three years in a little room behind a lawyer's office in the little town of Monticello seems solidly true, yet nothing in the Arabian Nights or Mrs. Radcliffe or "Monk" Lewis; nothing ever read or heard in fiction or fairy tale, has such a face of invention, of improbability, yes, of impudent impossibility.

In the innumerable series of "triangular" dramas, within the yellowest pages of "best sellers," worst readers, there could not be anything like this tale of that hidden chamber and woman. The shrewd old lawyer, the engaging young book canvasser who came to dispose of a book on Diwys and the glories of Marx and, mature, staid to serve another duty; this is interesting enough, but a part of the same old story, the eternal-romantic or the eternal-pathetic of the ancient, are common enough, pathetic in their ridiculousness to outsiders. Here was no outsider. There were no spectators. There was no "broken" home for female tongues to sympathize with. Death ended and discovered the story. As usual, the man escapes. It is the woman that remains to suffer.

The stuff of an elderly county "Squire" and a petticoated book agent is the same as that of other folks. The incredible, the miracle of Monticello, is that nobody in a village where—unless it be different from other villages—every ear is astir for gossip, every tongue wagging scandalously, every eye and nose glued to the window pane; where except in the Sullivan county summer season every stranger is a curiosity and a suspicion; where the firmest kind of external propriety dwells with an inquisitiveness that Li HUNG CHANG never reached in his busiest moments; where anything on the marches of discoverable immorality is a sweet morsel to roll under the tongue; where the first and greatest of the commandments is to mind your neighbor's business before and more than your own; in that in the respectable chère amie of Squire Couch lived behind a partition in his Masonic Temple, unknown, unheard of, undetected, unsuspected, caught at last by the Detective that is sure to find.

We see the little back room, the country stove, the little table where the Squire and the lady eat the food that he has gone out and bought; we see her condemned to silence in the daytime; not daring to go to her one window; we feel that her nerves are likely to break down under the long regimen of caution; night is her only time of exit and exercise; we see her slipping back and gliding in, feeling eyes at the back of her head; we see a little more comfort and gaiety even when everybody has gone home from the office or ought

to have gone; there is a light only in the Squire's windows; the Squire is working late with his law books—and his wife. Well, if she tried at times, still there must have been some fun in playing hoodwink your neighbor; and there are mighty soft places in the way of the transgressor.

But the fates forbid any moral, other reflection than this of the stupendous unlikelihood of concealment, of a forbidden chamber, in a country town. Bluebeard, the Fairy that weeps pearls, diamonds and rubies, the cap of invisibility, the shoes and carpet of invisibility are plausible beside this true tale. We hear HARRABOSSA start up in his sleep, and shall not be surprised if King ARTHUR is a passenger on the next boat from Fishguard.

Certain Well Paid Reformers.

Having observed officially the motion pictures most recently falling under police condemnation, the National Board of Censorship has upheld the hands of the police and confirmed the judgment of common sense, which when their nature was first disclosed pronounced them unwholesome and improper for general display to mixed audiences. This informed reinforcement should be of considerable assistance to the police when the matter comes before the courts.

Meanwhile the pictures are attracting a large attendance and have turned out a most profitable investment for their promoters. The virtuous assertions of these worthies that their production is the child of an earnest desire to improve the morals of the town are almost lost in the clink of the quarters they take in as their disinterested enterprise in uplift progresses. They have time to contemplate with equanimity the prospect of \$1,500,000 profit, in spite of their devotion to purity and the public good.

How fortunate these adventurers for general betterment are to find their singleness of purpose and self-confessed righteousness the source of large and honorable profit!

Truckling to America.

That a paper of the standing of the London Morning Post should regard the San Francisco Panama exhibition as an event likely to warp the relations between Great Britain and the United States is strangely unaccountable. It is almost as provincial a view as the confirmed and inherent notion of a large number of Englishmen that Uncle Sam is constantly leeching for an opportunity to annex Canada.

A cable despatch yesterday quoted the following extract:

"The point on which the Government's critics lay stress is that the decision against official representation will give offence in the United States. We do not feel that this is a consideration which should be decisive. In the past there has been a tendency in this country to assume that Great Britain must always be prepared to make concessions and sacrifices for the sake of preserving the friendship of the United States. We do not believe that this habit of truckling to the demands of the United States really has promoted good feeling between the two countries."

Nobody on this side of the water has been conscious of any idea that Great Britain has acquired "the habit of truckling to the United States," nor did we ever hear of any "demand" that Great Britain should participate officially in the San Francisco fair. The truth is that American citizens have given little thought to the matter except to agree that it was the British Government's own business to decide whether or not such an outlay of money were worth the candle, at the same time hospitably hoping that she will come to the party.

The Morning Post must give us credit for having some sense of perspective, or we shall be more "offended" by its conception of Americans than by the refusal to exhibit.

"Save and Economize."

In his annual report Dr. ALEXANDER MONROE DICKERY, Third Assistant Postmaster-General, exhorts the brethren in the Post Office to teach the people, in their own interest and to the swelling of postal savings, to "save and economize." A most worthy teaching, even if Mr. DICKERY's hortation to manufacture "a spontaneous desire to save and economize" be an amusing paradox.

But with what face can the post officials, can any of the Government's hired men, preach saving and economy? What is more wasteful and extravagant than the Government?

When the Post Office is run as a competent private owner would run it, then it will be time for its exhorters to implore the rest of the people to "save and economize."

Magistrate Murphy Turns Some Loafers Out.

When Magistrate MURPHY ordered the morbid spectators out of the Women's Night Court this week he did something that every Magistrate has often been tempted to do. The experienced judicial officer soon learns to distinguish those attendants in his court who have legitimate reasons for their attendance from those who are present merely because the room offers a comfortable lounging place, and those whose presence is to be accounted for only by the desire to satisfy a disgusting appetite and who turn a court house into a free theatre.

Usually the Magistrate is restrained by respect for the publicity of judicial proceedings. If he does, and his action attracts general attention, he is pretty sure to be attacked for infringing the "right" of the persons he turns out to take their fifth in the original package, and there are never lacking crackbrains to suggest that he had some ulterior purpose in ridding prisoners and officers of inspection by those he orders out. Ordinarily, therefore, the Magistrate checks his indignation and avoids an

noyance by permitting his court to be occupied by men and women who regard it as a place of entertainment.

No person whose business has taken him to police courts can have failed to notice the nuisance that caused Magistrate MURPHY to act, or will have any feeling except sympathy with him. It is not hard to tolerate the unhappy fellow whose poverty drives him to the warmth of a court room. For those who through the misfortune of their friends and kinsmen are compelled to watch the daily grist of delinquents an entirely different sentiment exists. But who can endure the weak or vicious who treat the miseries of their fellows as titbits of pleasure?

Baconians and other explorers grieve that Dr. O'NEILL OWEN, "the irregular and wild Glendower," the "OWEN, OWEN" of the First Part of "Henry IV.," has decided to dig no more beneath the bed of the Wye River for manuscripts which "prove" that WILLIAM WAS FRANCIS. All the water in Wye cannot drown the fact that Wye is a Glendower-Owen stream. Wherefore, "ow, hacons, ow!"

The sixteen members of the Common Council voted that in view of the fact that they receive no salary each should get a turkey or its equivalent in money as a Christmas gift at the expense of the taxpayers of the city—Despatch from Olean.

Such arrogance is awful! What does turkey sell at a pound in Olean? "Its equivalent in money?" How many pounds turkey capacity has each of the sixteen councilmen? The estimate made on the basis of one pound of turkey for each of the sixteen is answered categorically in this case of graft. Are cranberry sauce and chestnut stuffing to be enjoyed also "on the city"? Olean may become known as the home of the original free lunch councilmen.

GLYNN MAY NOW OUT OSBORNE.—Headline of the New York Times shows how May quotes a line of advice from King Lear: "Come not between the dragon and his wrath."

Either the Hon. CHAMP CLARK does not care for reelection or like county has changed sadly from its old home-spun Jeffersonian simplicity. Without a blush Mr. Clark tells the House:

"I have two talons in this city, one makes my truck coats and outwashes, and the other the sacks."

His evening clothes are not accounted for. He must have a third talon, probably in his pocket, for his night despatch. Three talons for one Jeffersonian statesman! There was a "like county," there was an Ozarkian Cincinnatus that never would pardon such luxurious goings on.

The Cuban Government will ask for tenders on January 15 for the loan of \$1,000,000 authorized by Congress to pay off the debts of the preceding Administration.—Havana despatch.

As Cuba has ceased to figure prominently in despatches the presumption is that the Monocle Government is a success. A law abiding Cuba can get all the more it wants in reason.

Intemperate Young Men.

They Call on Papa's Daughters for Mind Him, Checks or Midnight.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: I am seeking advice about how to get young men called to go away earlier. Some of them stay till 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

The Wet Lined.

Macheth and Other Hot Scotch.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Shall I sit 'em up again? His spangly officers did with wine and wassail so convince the suffeted grooms that each of these drenched natures became a mere fume.—J. A. M.

The Dirige Heating System.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: How did New Hampshire overlook Maine's best energy? The Maine man, the Maine man, or rather a good many Maine men, get hot.—PLAINFIELD, N. J., December 22. F. L. M.

On the Isthmus.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: On the isthmus of Panama some years ago the temperance movement was said to have his pots on, while the chronic was spoken of as "habitually capricious."—LAKE CITY, Minn., December 19. J. K. H.

Albany Gamblers.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Two expressive ones used here are "pie eye" and "rum dumb."—ALBANY, December 20. HIGH AND DRY.

Dr. Franklin's Dictionary.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: Do you recall Benjamin Franklin's "Drunkard's Dictionary," wherein over 250 definitions are alphabetically arranged? I have it in an old volume.—H. W. PLUMMER.

When Salesmen Disagree.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: I find it difficult to get along with my salesmen. I find that they are in one way and another troublesome, and my perplexities are increased by what the salesmen say. One says I want a wider shoe, a big one shoe, in he had up and so another that I should wear a close fitting shoe, and he tells me why.—FOOT WEARY.

Cheer Up!

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN.—Sir: I suggest a resolution to take a cheerful view of things in 1914. Don't look at everything as "blamed" seriously. Many things we think are going to bite us don't even have teeth. CHEERFUL.